

ABE'S LITTLE FIER.

The Result of His Desire to Learn a Few New Tricks.

By GRANT THORBURN.

For years he'd have a power in the Flabrook meeting house—not during church time, to be sure, nor yet at Sunday school, nor week night meetings, nor Epworth League. It was at other times he shone—at the fairs and cake sales and donation parties and school conventions, for he was a pestilential speaker, and he was the regular attraction at the village fairs.

But lately his popularity had begun to wane. The Flabrookers became tired of the same old card and coin tricks, though Abe Hinckman, through long and careful practice, was an adept at them. They longed for the Indian card trick, and the juggler's weird tricks of the metropolis. They wanted to see the Indian card trick, the blouse members of society, if they ever did attend a sieghof-and-tum performance, always came in, when the card and coin trick commenced and yawned and went out when the Indian card trick came on.

Abe realized that his popularity was on the wane. Even old Doc Clarkson's daughter had grown a bit distract and cold. So Abe made up his mind.

He drew about two-thirds of his bank deposit and started for New York. He had a few dollars in his pocket, but some new pants, and come back and astonish the natives and old Doc Clarkson's daughter. It was early winter, and there was no farming to be done, so there was no better time or opportunity.

He occupied a seat in the smoker. At a station near the metropolis a well-dressed young man bounded the train, looked around for a seat and finally took the one next to Hinckman. He was a sociable sort of fellow and engaged him at once in conversation.

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"Now, look a here," said the man, "I'd like to say here, you won't skin you. I know a good one where they'll treat you right. You come with me." Abe went.

The plan was arranged in a rather hasty manner, but the stones were cheap. Abe's cynicism by a slight coincidence, horrified them himself.

After supper they went upstairs into the parlor—a saloon was announced, a rather seedy place. He wanted to go to the saloon, but Abe said he was sat in another. Then his friend came over to him.

"Say, Hinckman," he began, "do you know anything about diamonds? Any jeweler of the place, glanced at the other man out of the corner of his eye.

"Son-of-a-bitch," he replied. "Was in a jewelry shop up home fr awhile. Why? What's up?"

"Why," said the other, "I'm going to get some diamonds and have you loan about \$200 on 'em. They're worth \$900 anyway. I've seen 'em. Now, I ain't got \$200 or I'd lend it to him. Suppose you? How much have you got?" This was a superious question for a boy discovered on the spot, that Hinckman had just \$20.

"Well, now, here," went on the other; "he says if he don't pay up in a week you can keep the stones. See? He's got a good one. See? You are a real thing. See? And you know the difference between a couple of hundred and a thousand. See?"

Hinckman saw. He thought it over and concluded that it was a sound proposition, so he went to the jeweler and himself a moment, went to his room and put \$20 in one envelope and something else in another envelope of similar appearance.

They had to go to a friend's, a dry goods store, following the jeweler.

The friend had a box of the jewels. Abe wouldn't touch them unless they went over to some Broadway jeweler and determined the value and genuine character. This was fat, though, but it was a good idea, and, for Abe could tell by the most examination that the stones were the real things. There were four of them. The Broadway jeweler looked at them, said they might sell for a couple of hundred dollars, and that he would give \$100 spot cash for each of them. Then the three went back to each other.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Hinckman's friend of Hinckman.

"They ain't worth as much as we thought, but it's a good idea to have it for you in case my friend here don't pay, and it'll cover your money back, with good big interest and a bonus besides at the end of a week."

The diamonds were again produced and examined. They were not on the Hinckman's kept his eyes not on the faces of his friends, but on the diamonds.

"I'll do it," he finally announced. He slowly withdrew from his pocket the envelope containing the \$20 and the small bag. He counted the money in front of the two men, and then put the diamonds in the bag at his request. After he had counted the money and replaced it in the envelope and once more examined the diamonds and once more put them in the bag, which he did more or less carelessly, keeping up a steady conversation all the time, he laid both upon the table.

"Now, gents," he concluded, "I'm a

stranger here, and I rely on your honor not to do me. This here is a fair and square deal on my part, and I'll prove it to you. Now, there's your money, and here's mine."

There was a long rap on the door, and a man broke in. He was not in uniform, but he wore some kind of shield, which he exhibited. Behind him was a man.

"Don't move!" he commanded to the three men around the table. "I arrest the whole gang for robbery!"

Hinckman's two companions sprang to the table, shoved Hinckman aside, grabbed the bag containing the jewels and the money and made for the door.

"Run for your life!" they yelled to Hinckman. "It's the cops! These stones is stolen!" They waited not, but burst through the door at the door and ran down the street.

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"Well, sir," said the leader severely, "we got you anyway. What you got to say for yourself?"

Hinckman told the leader his name was Abe Hinckman, and the leader didn't believe it, but nevertheless they marched him to the corner of the street, and there told him, "We'll let him go provided he would appear at the police station in the city of New York in one month." He responded, and they left him. He took to his heels and sprinted for his boarding house.

Once there, he gathered up his shirt, paid his reckoning and jumped on the nearest trolley car. Eventually he got up at the Astor House.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1910.

Beautifying Our Avenues

Our city fathers have put their heads together in an effort to further improve and beautify the different avenues and public ways in and adjacent the town of Blairmore. Already the work of pruning and trimming the trees has commenced and those which in any way obstruct the right of ways are being removed while others will be assured protection. There are many beautiful groves of spruce and poplar in different sections of the town which are well worth protection, and which are real ornaments that could not well be replaced by the best efforts of reforestation. But recently, some of these beautiful trees whose princely sway has continued long since and before the first settling of the Pass, have been slain, and it is not too soon to put a stop to further destruction and preserve these valuable attributes of Blairmore's beauty.

Acre Yield Competition

The acre yield competition at the Alberta Provincial Exhibition to be held at Calgary June 30th to July 4th is a new idea for an exhibition. The following prizes are offered:

WINTER WHEAT
\$100. \$60. \$25. \$15. \$10. \$5.
SPRING WHEAT
\$100. \$60. \$25. \$15. \$10. \$5.
OATS
\$100. \$60. \$25. \$15. \$10. \$5.
BARLEY
\$75. \$40. \$25. \$15. \$10. \$5.
FLAX
\$60. \$35. \$20. \$10. \$5.

The average amount of grain grown on an acre must be shown and will be judged 60 per cent for quality, 20 per cent for purity, 10 per cent for quantity, and 5 per cent for acreage. The Exhibition Company pays all freight charges on exhibits originating in Alberta.

It is not likely that anyone in the province has seen the quantity of grain grown on an acre in a pile by itself, and the reader will realize what a great interest will be taken in a building where probably 50 to 100 such exhibits will be on view from all over the province. Some districts are taking a particular interest in this interest in this feature as in the case of Lloydminster Agricultural Society who have already secured six exhibits from their district. The other features of the exhibition promise to be of more than ordinary interest, and the excellent music and attractions low rates and special trains will up.

undoubtedly make the attendance the largest yet. The entries close on the 18th of June.

Baseball At Hillcrest.

This week Blairmore appeared with a full line-up for the first time this season, and displayed their new colors on the Hillcrest grounds. The game was exceptionally fast from start to finish, both sides putting on a creditable showing. Blairmore, however, proved best at bat, and through the efforts of Higgins, who gained ten strike-outs in four innings, and the strong play of others of the team, carried off victory honors and placed on record their first success for 1910, with a full score of 12-2. McPherson pitched a good game for Blairmore, while Ingham behind the bat was never missing. Hogan, also, pitched a good game for Hillcrest, but found the Blairmore boys too strong at bat for them. The local team looked fine in their new suits, the brown and red contrast showing to good advantage. The following is Blairmore's line-up:

Geo. Ingham, catcher.
F. Higgins and J. McPherson, pitchers.
G. Passmore, first base.
E. Pollock, second base.
H. Pearson, third base.
Clayton Gould, short stop.
H. Darknell, left field.
Arthur Elliot, right field.
Andy Miller, centre.
S. Morenciy, substitute.
Red McRae, mascot.
Frank Howard, Manager.

Suicide At Lethbridge

A terrible tragedy occurred at Lethbridge on Sunday afternoon, when Lawrence McEwen, an old timer of that town, committed suicide by putting a bullet through his temple. The cause for the act is unknown, but it is thought he had been despondent for some time past and had worried considerably over his misfortunes in business. His two sons, aged nine and twelve years, were in the kitchen at the time of the tragedy. The father went upstairs to the boy's bedroom where he procured the weapon to perform the deed, but the boys had no thought that anything was wrong with him or that he had any such intention until they heard the report, and on hastening to the room were horrified to find their father groaning in death agony. Mr. McEwen leaves behind his two sons, a sister who is at present residing at Burton City, and one brother, Peter McEwen, at Cowley. Funeral took place at Lethbridge on Tuesday.

Hold-up Men Free

Fernie, B.C., May 29.—The hard fought legal battle which has occupied the time and attention of the court and jury since the opening of the assizes on the 17th, came to a conclusion yesterday afternoon when the jury fled back into court with a verdict of "not guilty" in the Coal Creek hold-up case, in which ex-provincial constable Varlow and Nat. Babcock were charged with being parties in the hold-up. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Premier Sifton

Names Cabinet.

Edmonton, June 1.—This morning at ten o'clock, Hon. A. L. Sifton, the new Prime Minister of Alberta, announced his cabinet, as follows:

President of Council, Provincial Treasurer and Minister of Public Works—Hon. Arthur L. Sifton.
Attorney General and Minister of Education—Hon. Charles R. Mitchell.

Provincial Secretary—Hon. Archibald J. McLean.
Minister of Agriculture—Hon. Duncan Marshall.

It is understood that the new Premier will sit for Lac Ste. Anne and Hon. Mr. Mitchell for Medicine Hat. The bye-elections will be brought on immediately. The new ministers were sworn in by the Lieutenant-Governor.

Tragic Affair at

New Michel.

A serious case is reported from New Michel. It appears that Richard Armstrong, well-known in that district, and who runs a pool room and cigar store in New Michel, had a quarrel with a girl in the red light district, who stabbed him through the back. One of his lungs was penetrated and he is reported to be in a dangerous condition. The girl, Vera Holmes, is under arrest. She was formerly of Hosmer. Armstrong was believed to be connected with the pool room of the Fernie hotel.

The May Rod and Gun.

White fishing occupies prominent position in the May number of Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, Ont., there is no lack of variety, articles appealing to sportsmen of all tastes appearing in this issue. Anglers who are arranging their spring outfit will find ample provision for their entertainment and will revel in the stories of good fishing trips told by their fathers and them. Mr. R. H. Armstrong's studies of wild fishes in Canada will interest a vast number of people, and sportsmen particularly will find their knowledge of a game bird much increased by the results of this article. Catching kids of Mountain Goats and White Water Men of the St. Maurice are stories none should miss. Big game hunting and protective work receive much attention, while camping and mountaineering have their delights pleasantly pictured. For variety and interest the number is excellent throughout and sportsmen should see to it that a copy accompanies them on every trip.

If you are not satisfied after using according to directions two thirds of a bottle of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, you can have your money back. The tablets cleanse and invigorate the stomach, improve the digestion, regulate the bowels. Give them a trial and get well. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Undertaking

T. W. DAVIES, Funeral Director,
COLEMAN, ALBERTA.
Hearses for hire. Phone 125, day or night.

Northern Bank Building, Winnipeg, Man.

Passburg, Alta.

Correspondence solicited.

THE INTERNATIONAL COAL AND COKE CO., LTD.

Operates the Denison Collieries

AT COLEMAN, ALBERTA.

Mines High Grade Steam and Coking Coal.

Manufacturers of the Best Coke on the Market.

MAKE MONEY EASY

If you would do so, invest in Town Lots in the most substantially founded and best business community in the Crows-Nest Pass.

THAT PLACE IS COLEMAN.

Write to or apply at the head office of

THE

INTERNATIONAL COAL & COKE CO., LTD.

At Coleman, Alberta.

Auction Sale Of Dominion Lands.

ject to the reservation of the land covered by such highway, or which may be required for the right of way or other purposes of the railway.

TERMS OF PAYMENT

One-quarter of the purchase price shall be paid in cash at date of sale, and the remainder in three equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, and the balance of the purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid.

Coupons will not be taken in payment unless marked "accepted" by the bank on which they are drawn, and will be payable at par place of sale.

Lots of land to be sold may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, the Inspector of Ranches at Calgary, or to the Agent for Dominion Lands at Calgary or Lethbridge.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, May 10th, 1910.

FRANK BLACKSMITH SHOP

One door west of Miller Livery barn.

J. GRESHAM, prop.

Horse shoeing a specialty.
Over seven years experience in His Majesty's army.

All kinds of Wheelwright work done on the premises.

Never-Slip Shoes and Cauls always in stock.

Agent for Canada Carriage Co's Brookville Buggies and all kinds of Implements.



APPLICATION FOR HOTEL LICENSE

Application has been made by Steve Mansfield for a hotel license which plans and specifications have been filed with the Attorney General's Department, and to be known as the Northern Hotel, Bellevue, situated on lots 4 and 5 of Block 4, on the Connally subdivision, Section 20, Township 7, Range 2, west of the 5th Meridian.

This application will be considered by the Board of License Commissioners at noon on the 15th day of July, 1910, at 10 o'clock A.M.

Dated at Edmonton this 25th day of May, 1910.

A. Y. BLAIN

Acting Deputy Attorney General.

W. A. BEEBE

Real Estate and Insurance.
Agent

Heintzman Pianos
Bell Organs
and Pianos.

Blairmore, Alberta.

THE LEITCH COLLIERIES, LTD.

Passburg, Alberta

Steam and Domestic Coal

High Grade—Uniform Quality

Head Office

Sales Office and Mines

Careful Attention to all Trade.

THE PASS-

BURG LIVERY

GOOD RIGS

BEST HORSES

GATES DIVIDERS

For Fishing Parties a Specialty

F. W. DOUBT Prop.

COALINGA, CALIFORNIA OIL FIELDS

The Greatest In The World

Capitalists From London, New York And

Pittsburg Thronging The District.

Coalinga, the biggest and most continuous producing oil field in the world, not excepting but Russia, is to-day livelier than at any time in its history.

Capitalists from New York, Pittsburg and London, and other metropolitan centres as well as from all parts of the world, are thronging the district. The demand for land leases and options is greater than ever before. Foreign experts visiting the field pronounce Coalinga as probably the greatest proven territory of its area in the world. Although Coalinga has been known as a gusher district, wells have established the greatest record as constant and steady producers.

On a clear day one may look along the foothills, and for a distance of 30 to 40 miles, see a constantly widening procession of derricks.

OIL INDUSTRY MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN GOLD MINING.

Senator Nixon, who made his millions in the Nevada gold fields, is no longer a familiar sight on the streets of Sage Brush Mining Camps, but is giving his time and attention to, and investing his money heavily in, the California Oil Fields.

George Wingfield, of Goldfields fame, is now one of the staunchest supporters of the oil industry, and is considered one of the most heavily interested operators in the Coalinga field.

Clarence Berry, the successful Alaska gold mining man, has extensive holdings in the California oil fields. Berry, upon his return from Alaska, became interested in the oil industry. Since his advent there he has made millions upon his original investment.

U. M. Thomas, the mining and newspaper man, likewise made a fortune by selling land on Section 6 at Coalinga. He purchased at \$100 an acre last spring, and sold the remainder of his holdings consisting of 60 acres to the Lucille Oil Co. for \$1250 per acre.

Oil is California's greatest product, and California leads the world in the production of oil.

In the brief space of twelve years, the puny, struggling industry has become a giant. Oil, the new king, to day outstrips gold two to

one, and in value exceeds the fruit output by one-third. It moves 40 per cent. of the wheels west of the Mississippi, and lubricates 90 per cent. of them.

Oil is the cheapest fuel the world has ever known. California oil is stretching towards the mining camps of Arizona, Northern Mexico and Nevada.

In the 700 miles from Fullerton on the south to Coalinga on the north, hundreds of thousands of dollars are being invested, and millions of dollars are being returned every month to those of small means, who are interested in the fields.

We make this statement without fear of successful contradiction, that California oil offers the greatest money making opportunities to this generation.

Stop and realize that millions are being made from the production and marketing of this product.

There is not a stock quoted on the San Francisco Stock and Oil Exchange that was not considered highly speculative at some period in its history, and all of these stocks were sold at low figures to start with. To day three-fourths of the stocks listed are paying dividends. **No other exchange, no other list of stocks on earth can point to such a record.**

Glance at the list of directors and officers of The Coalinga-Eureka Oil Company, given fully in a recent issue of this publication. Are they reliable? Are they successful? Are they business men? Yes, they are all men of sterling character and integrity, men who have proven their ability in business affairs, their record will stand investigation.

Remember that there are TWO things that are of vital importance to an investment—MEN and TERRITORY. We have absolutely proven territory and the men back of the organization are honest and good managers.

One of our stockholders who has just returned from California and in the trip visited the Coalinga oil fields, and particularly the property of the Coalinga-Eureka Oil Company, stated while in our office yesterday:

"I am astonished at what I saw in your wonderful oil fields, and never imagined the oil industry to be what it is. Your property is particularly well located, and I congratulate myself on having joined you in its development."

This party, prior to his visit to California, had purchased 2,000 shares of Coalinga-Eureka stock. The day of his return he increased his holdings to 7,000 shares.

In conclusion we wish to state:

Don't permit other men and women to do your thinking—think for yourself. If in your judgment, an opportunity has all the earmarks of being a good one, grasp it quickly—don't hesitate.

During the summer months of last year the investing public was offered Silver Tip stock for a few cents per share. The great majority of those who had been offered this stock at ground floor prices, those who think and act and reason for themselves, and have confidence in their judgment, bought. Some hesitated up to the afternoon of September 25, next day the Silver Tip became a gusher, and the stock offered less than 10 hours previous for a few cents per share, jumped to \$5.00.

There is every probability that a similar condition of affairs will exist at the property of the Coalinga-Eureka Oil Company, Inc., when the drills are down to the oil levels.

Information from the fields and developments on our property warrant the directors to advance the price of shares in this company to 35 cts. per share, on Saturday evening, 10 o'clock, May 28th.

This means that it will be impossible to buy a share at 25 cents after Saturday, May 28

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If you have not time to get a letter to our Vancouver office before Saturday evening, May 28th, sit right down and **at our expense** wire your reservation, specifying the number of shares you wish held in your name. On receipt of your wire we will set aside the stock requested, giving you plenty of time to send remittance by first mail.

Don't delay—the stock you buy before the 28th at 25 cents will be worth 10 cents more per share on Monday morning, May 30th, because the then current price per share of the stock of this Company will be 35 cents.

Conditions are such as to warrant further advance in price in a few days' time.

WHAT YOUR MONEY WILL BUY.

Cash Plan (5 per cent. deducted)
\$23.75 will buy 100 shares, . . . par value \$ 100
47.50 will buy 200 shares, . . . par value 200
118.75 will buy 500 shares, . . . par value 500
257.50 will buy 1000 shares, . . . par value 1,000

INSTALLMENT PLAN.

\$10.00 cash and \$7.50 a month for 2 months buys 100 shares.
\$20.00 cash and \$15.00 a month for 2 months buys 200 shares.
\$30.00 cash and \$22.50 a month for 2 months buys 300 shares.
\$40.00 cash and \$30.00 a month for 2 months buys 400 shares.
\$50.00 cash and \$37.50 a month for 2 months buys 500 shares.
\$100.00 cash and \$75.00 a month for 2 months buys 1,000 shares.

Make All Cheques, Drafts and Money Orders Payable To The Trustee, G. L. Taschereau.

THE COALINGA-EUREKA OIL COMPANY, INCORPORATED.

SELKIRK BLOCK, 135 HASTINGS ST., W.,

VANCOUVER, B. C.

LITTLE LAD.

The Part He Played in Bringing Two Hearts Together.

By M. LOUISE CUMMING.

Jean Lindsay passed down the long, boughed walk with a smile, quiet, except the blue stream and ample white spray of snow. Her steps' deep thuds in loose folds across the tall, graceful figure. The sensitive hands at wrists and neck only served to show up the fine whiteness of her skin. Her snowy cap rested on thick waves of brown hair.

Dexter Garst drew back into the corridor and, watching her, wondered if the time would ever come when he could see her more thus toward him and not find his whole being stirred to its very center.

The day, nearly a year before, when he had laid his heart at her feet was like a badly healed scar in the doctor's life. It had apparently passed out of his recollection.

She gave him her hand, with a smile of good comradeship, and together they made their usual morning round of the ward. Near an empty cot at the end she paused.

"Little Lad is sitting up," she said, smiling with the triumph of one who had won a hard battle and led the way outside.

By a sunny window he sat in his wheel chair, a little figure even for eight years, in the loose hospital suit of a patient. The doctor himself had grown old. The doctor himself had grown old. A sharpish laugh. His head had been pinched from under a horse's hoofs in the street. No one seemed to care to lay any special claim to him, and yet he was undoubtedly the child of dedicated parents.

For Jean and Jean Lindsay had fought with death for this one small and apparently superfluous life. There were times when the doctor gave up hope and nothing but the strength of inherent motherhood in the woman seemed to keep the child alive.

The doctor would ask as he entered the ward morning after morning, and "Little Lad" he became to every one in the hospital.

As he took a feeble hold of life again his first thought was of Jean. He had laid hold on these two people, his doctor and nurse, with aughtness of love which almost hurt him at times. He would sit in his cot and, watching the doctor while he made his rounds, think that he must be a good doctor. Jean Lindsay had come to him, the doctor told him, who once lived upon the earth and knew all the people and loved little children. It never occurred to him to associate the beautiful story with the name he had so often heard in the street.

But he looked at his own doctor and felt that it must be true.

A light might suddenly have been turned on inside the small body, as swift was the radiance which flooded his face as Jean and her companion came in. He lay back down, his eyes closing, the wiser "air" and fatigued, a small hand, beat it softly against his broad open palm.

"Next week," he said, "I am going to run away into the country with Little Lad for a few days before I go south."

Jean Lindsay could not quite conceal the start his words gave her, but she held her voice steady.

"Then the long contemplated course at Bonn is to be an accomplished fact, after all," she said.

"Yes." The doctor did not raise his eyes.

Little Lad had looked out from the other in vague bewilderment.

"But first of all," Garst went on.

"Little Lad and I will have a whole week at a special place I know of where we can sit in pine trees and a big lake."

He was watching the boy's face and saw how the delight which his words called up became slowly clouded.

"What's that, too?" He motioned with his hand toward the window.

Garst remained silent. The child turned to Jean.

"Won't you come, too?" he pleaded.

He read the negation in her face even before she slowly shook her head and turned toward the doctor.

"What's that, too?" He motioned with his hand toward the window.

Garst remained silent. The child turned to Jean.

"I'm afraid that would be quite impossible, but I'll do my best to get you and moved away down the corridor.

But even as she did so an intense physical weariness seemed to have descended upon her. She felt stifling in the bright glare of the morning sun-shine and, putting up her hands, pulled the boughs of the trees from her forehead. When she had passed out of sight of the doctor and Little Lad she turned and leaned against an open window. In place of the bare red brick walls of the unres' home opposite she seemed to see a vista of trees, with the sun and the light. Little Lad lay on the soft pine needles beneath the water lapping idly at their feet.

A swift, intense desire to be one of the little tiny rose within her. For the first time in her life she had wanted anything she wanted to get away and be taken care of, even as Little Lad would be, by this strong, robust man.

As she stood there an ambulance turned in at the gate, and Jean Lindsay sighed profitably. She knew

that if there was to be an operation she would be apt for, and her whole being rose in a quick revolt of weakness and indecision. She felt that the smell of ether just then would strangle her and pull out her hands at the same time, and leave away her hands of responsibility—the fine white hands to which strong men had clung in agony and within whose warm clasp more than one little hand had grown cold.

She tried to realize as she stood there what her life would be like if she were to live. "I'll be in Germany," she said, and her strong lip quivered, "a month from now I'll be in Germany, and I—" The thought was like a pall descending from the brightness of the sun. She closed her eyes, even as she did so. Gaze's silence in answer to Little Lad's passionate "Make her come, too!" came to her with a stab.

"Miss Lindsay needs a rest," the house-surgeon thought, looking after the doctor's eyes. "She has had a long night and nothing to eat since her face."

That night as she made her round of the ward she became aware of a pair of bright eyes fixed upon her above, very flushed cheeks. She saw at a glance that Little Lad had been crying and addressed him into his bed.

"What is it, son?" The weak hands went around her neck.

"I want you to come, too," he whispered with his lips.

"I know what you mean."

"He does not want me to go now—Little Lad," she said weakly.

"He does?" The boy pushed her from him and looked up into her face.

"He said 'no' to me. After you, he says, he wants me to go now."

"He said 'I want' my love asking you; that he'd ask you once to go away with him to a beautiful place and to live with him always afterward, but that you wouldn't. Oh, how could you not want to?" His eyes stared her with incredulous reproach.

Jean bent suddenly and kissed him. Little Lad thought he had never looked so beautiful, but he was not satisfied. He put his hands against her bosom, and her tears wetted his cheek.

"Yes, dear Little Lad," she whispered, edging him closer.

He could hardly sleep that night with his "longing" for the morning. When it came he was in his wheel chair watching the door by which the doctor would enter, and as he saw him he rose to his feet and sat in the chair until he was again standing. He did not know that Jean had entered the corridor from the other end and was moving toward him.

"She said—" he had to stop and swallow, for his excitement chocked him. "She said—she said—she would—" he cried tremblingly.

Gart's eyes went beyond the wheel chair to the woman who stood behind it. A dull red leaped to his face. There was a balloon driven over his village by a violent wind, and he had mounted his horse and pursued it till it came to earth.

The occupant, he reported, three men and two ladies, had with them "elaborate photographic apparatus of military appearance." The minister of war received a string of frantic telegrams from various parts of the country.

Russian newspapers have been pouring off on the troubled waters of England's German "scare" by getting up an anti-German article. It was intimated it had been definitely agreed that the official archives should be removed from St. Petersburg because the capital is too much exposed to the possibility of capture by the armies of her western neighbors.—Pearson's Weekly.

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All Kinds of Decorating Carried Out

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Poured Water	10.10 p.c.
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FAMOUS SULPHUR SPRINGS

Baths and Apartments Thoroughly Renovated.

Bar stocked with choice brands

WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS

Offers First Class Board and Room to regular Monthly Boarders, at \$25 per month. Thousants, \$1.00 per day.

ISAAC BERESFORD, Proprietor.

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Miners and Shippers of Bituminous Coal

The Company carries three grades of Coal, screened, mine run and slack. The screened is unequalled for domestic or furnace use.

We recommend the mine run and slack for steam purposes, and can guarantee it to be clean and give absolute satisfaction.

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We supply Rough Lumber, Slabs and Kindling Wood to residents of Frank. Slabs sawed to stove length delivered at \$2.00 a load.

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Will Save You Money

Carries Highest Grades of Goods.

Best brands of canned goods, fresh fruits, celery, green vegetables. Everything for the table of the

Imported Italian Goods a Specialty

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UNIQUE BARBER SHOP

GILROY & ROSE — Props.
High Class Barbering Done
CIGARS, PIPES and TOBACCO

Ladies' and Gent's
Clothes Pressed
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NEW STOCK OF PIPES, CIGARS

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TABLE UPSURPASSED IN WEST

Our Bar is Stocked With The Finest

Brands of Imported and Domestic Wines, Liquors
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Headquarters for Commercial

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RATES \$1.50 per day & up

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MEATS OF ALL KINDS
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Special attention given to the wholesale trade.

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Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is sold on a guarantee that if you are not satisfied after using two thirds of a bottle according to directions, your money will be refunded. It is up to you to try. Sold by dealers everywhere.

A SNAP—2 good houses plastered throughout at \$100.00 each. It pays to own your own home.—Lyon & Hinds.

A newspaper offered a prize for the best answer to the conundrum: "Why is a newspaper like a woman?" The prize was won by a lady in Passburg, who sent in the following: "Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his neighbor."

J. Prentiss and P. Reid, both of Lillooet, purchased two dwellings in Blairmore this week. The sale was put through by the firm of Lyon & Hinds.

Lame shoulder is almost invariably caused by rheumatism of the muscles and yields quickly to the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is not only prompt and effectual, but in no way disagreeable to use. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Today, June 3rd, is the birthday of our gracious sovereign King George V.

A child of 38 years had to be lifted from a baby carriage in the east end this morning and is being nursed by the police.